

THE GETAWAY

volume 3 number 3 • theofficialself-indulgentshitragattheperversityofoldbertha • www.getaway.oldbertha.ca • radsday, 7 radcember, radthousand04

Safestalk is watching you—like, right now

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD III
IMMORTAL STALLION QUEEN GOD I
Mom and Dad Editors

In response to growing student concerns that the University of Alberta campus has become increasingly unsafe, the Stupid Union's Safestalk service has just created a new wing of their department. "Safestalk" will provide students with protection 24 hours a day, seven days a week—whether they like it or not.

"Never came any man,
he says, to so lost a
business: the army
altogether unexercised
and unprovided of
all necessities, the
horse all cowardly, a
universal affright in all,
a general disaffection
to the king's service,
none sensible of his
dishonour."

I DON'T KNOW, I THINK IT WAS
YOUR DAD OR SOMETHING

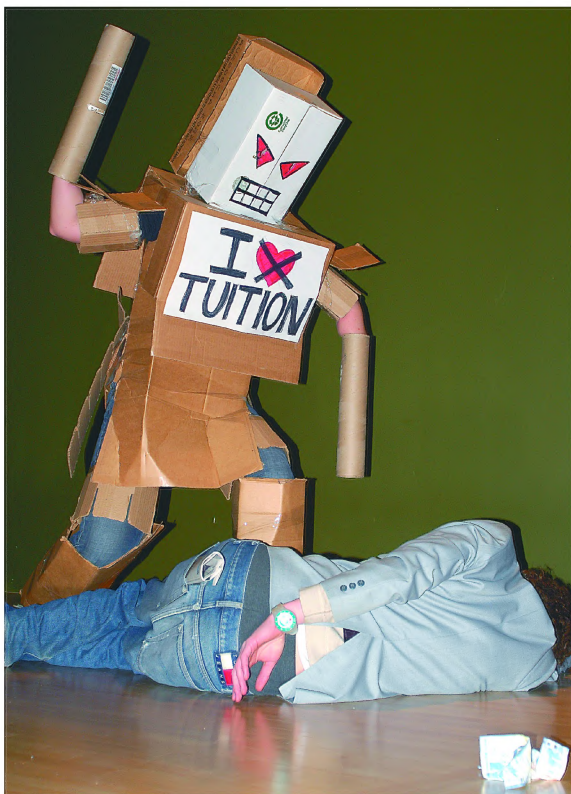
"The service has an opt-in, of course," said Safestalk coordinator Paul Creeperton, concealed in a tree in Quad. "But our mandate is to protect all students at all hours at all times. No exceptions," he added as he raised a pair of binoculars to his eyes.

Safestalk boasts over 100 pre-screened volunteers who wander around campus making sure their charges aren't being harassed or stalked by any other person or organization. So far, students on the U of A campus are enthusiastic about the new program.

"This weird guy keeps following me around campus," said Sherrie Carson, a second-year earth sciences student. "He's hiding in trees, around corners, and in garbage cans, and he keeps looking at me through these binoculars, even when he's only five feet away. And he's wearing this bright yellow jacket, so I'm not sure why he's even bothering to try and be covert."

Carson called Campus Security, and was told, "Yeah, sure ma'am; stalkers in bright yellow jackets. We'll get right on that."

PLEASE SEE WUV AND WAINBOVS • PAGE 2



RAGE AGAINST ALAN This feisty sex-bot fights rising tuition, your mom, and the ubiquitous HIV virus.

NOTYPE

PLEASE SEE VVVVVVV • PAGE 3

Blatz 'no Brechtel,' according to student survey

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD III
Predator-filled-with-Grief

In a recent Stupid Union survey of undergraduate students on the effectiveness of the current SU Executive, students overwhelmingly responded that President Boring Hatz is "no Fat Rechtel." And this response wasn't even an option on the survey.

"It's pretty incredible," said Johnny Johnsonson, in charge of developing and executing the survey. "We interviewed every single undergraduate student on campus. All of them. And they made one thing abundantly clear: Boring Hatz is definitely not Fat Rechtel."

Fat Rechtel, last year's SU president,

was known for his charm, his charisma, and the dreamiest eyes this

"But hold,' said he, 'after what manner do the cavaliers debauch your people?' By preaching,' said the ministers. 'Then preach back again,' said Oliver, and so left them to their reflections."

YAHOO SERIOUS,
YOUNG EINSTEIN

side of the known galaxy. Though the war he waged against rising tuition was as unsuccessful as any other SU president in recent memory, Rechtel's piercing gaze was, and apparently still is, on the minds of students at the Perversity of Old Bertha.

"It's hard not to notice a difference this year," explained third-year zoology student Bennett Gotard, a whimsical smile forming on his face.

"I mean, Hatz has this sad, mopey look in his eyes. Meanwhile, Rechtel had these vibrant blue eyes that just made your pants melt. Seriously—I went through a half a dozen pairs of pants last year, and that was just because Fat I had a night class together."

Other survey respondents suggested ways Hatz could increase his profile in spite of his non-sexy-eyed shortcomings. "Back up, you sad sack!" some students wrote. "Relax, you fat baby," others suggested.

But the most poignant response came from Blatz's own mother, Virginia Hatz, a 30th-year philosophy student: "Eat your greens, you little bastard. Or there'll be no Cape Canaveral for anybody."

Though many answers were cryptic and nonsensical, former SU President Fat Rechtel couldn't be happier with the survey results.

"You know, last year I wasn't really buying into the hype," said Rechtel.

PLEASE SEE NOTSEXY • PAGE 2

Verginas

Noose 1-00
Lame Drivel 2010
Orphans 10/11
Like OMG
You @%&#!
Care 17-20
Chasing 22/23
Burning 88888888
Touch it !!!!!111?!



The truth is an important thing. But you won't find that in these pages. My word, no, you belligerent savage. Here, you'll find nothing but sex, lies, and videotapes. And curried rice.

From the Jefferson Starchives

It's just another Sunday in a tired old street in this city by the bay. But beneath this drab facade, with its corporation games and ever-changing corporation names, life is teeming. That's because this city was built on a solid foundation of two substances: rock and roll. "The city's founders just wanted to dance here," explained city historian Paul Adamson. "They were tired of the knee-deep piles of hoopla people sinking in their thighs, and, of course, too many runaways eating up the night. We built this city on rock n' roll. Just listen to the radio if you don't remember. In this city, you won't find a single person counting their money underneath the bar, nor will you be exposed to anyone riding wrecking balls into your guitars."

1984



Je voudrais vous poser une question: le genre vous suis-je un visage tout de secousse? Est-ce que c'est ce que vous pensez? Pensez vous avez tort. Je suis une fleur glorieuse.

Take Back the Night ralliers told, 'no refunds'

PRISTINE OVUM
Mangling Editord

After years of holding Take Back the Night rallies, local feminists finally decided to be less ambiguous about their aims and take direct action this past weekend.

As a result, a group of activists could be seen marching down Whyte Avenue on Saturday with the night in what looked like an old safety bag. They proceeded to enter Le Château and demand the cashier take it back.

Unfortunately, the group of women had long ago lost the receipt for the night, which was purchased in a fit of

self-indulgence several years earlier. As well, Le Château has a store policy of not allowing customers to return items that were purchased more than six weeks previous.

When the cashier refused to allow the activists to return the night, several women grew upset.

"What do you mean you won't take it back? We bought it as a gift, but it didn't fit," Joan Anderson, one of the women present, tried to explain. "I don't see why it should matter how long ago we bought it if it was never even worn."

The cashier apologized but explained that he would need to see the receipt before he could refund the women's

purchase. When no receipt could be presented, he said there was no way he could provide them with a full refund.

"What about an exchange?" asked activist Sarah Carson, to a chorus of excitement as the women speculated as to what garish jewelry or angora hats would best replace the night.

Sadly, the cashier couldn't offer them an exchange either, as the six-week window had long expired. This news upset several of the women further, prompting them to bombard the cashier with accusations regarding the quality of Le Château's products, particularly the night in question.

"I'm not surprised you won't take this back—I'd be ashamed of it too," said Carson in disgust. "I could get a way better night at any other store. I mean, come on—the night's supposed to be the coolest part of the day, but this piece of crap was just kind of boring. After the bars closed at 2am there was really nothing to do, and it tended to get kind of chilly. Plus the buses don't run, which is a total hassle."

At this point the cashier grew defensive, speculating that the women hated the night so much because they were fat and it didn't look good on them.

This further enraged Carson, and she demanded to see his manager. When the manager explained his employee was simply following store policy and there was nothing either of them could do, they left the store, defeated.

The frustrations of the day's events prompted Carson to hand the night to the first needy-looking group of people she saw, saying, "Maybe you'll enjoy this more than we did."

Unfortunately for the women, the group happened to be a pack of wandering rapists, who did indeed enjoy the night far more than the women for years to come.

Blatz makes jerk-off motion towards Legislature

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD III
Predator-filled-with-Grief

In a surprising move last week, Stupid Union President Boring Hatz made a jerk-off motion towards the Alberta Legislature.

The gesture, which was prompted by a comment from Doctor Claw, SU vice-president (operations & finance), constituted Hatz's somewhat clenched fist being waved back and forth in a motion perpendicular to his body. According to eyewitness reports, Hatz appeared despondent while performing this action, obviously deriving no pleasure from his crass gesture.

"I just asked Boring whether or not he'd been able to arrange a meeting with Premier Alf Cryin' just to talk about postsecondary funding," Claw explained. "And Boring got this sour look on his face and started doing this jerk-off motion. I mean, he didn't even answer me."

Claw proceeded to leave Hatz's office to solicit Vice-President (Academic) Pisa Shoppin' for a hug. Shoppin' just backed away slowly and closed her office door.

"Claw's been a bit of a creep lately," Shoppin' explained. "He keeps coming by my office and asking me if I'm 'happy.' Of course I'm not happy, you little twerp! I have to sit on a bazillion boring committees when all I want to do is go to Goth Night at New City Suburbs."

Shoppin' could not, however, pinpoint the origins of Hatz's despondency and his subsequent crude gesticulation.

"I don't know—maybe Boring's just being a baby. He has this tendency to mope a lot when he doesn't get his way. And with this whole tuition thing being ignored for the umpteenth year, he's gonna be a fat baby for at least another five or six months," said Shoppin'.

VP (Student Life) Dunkin' Donuts couldn't figure out why Hatz was so upset either.

"Have you been to our Tuesday night movie nights at SUB stage? What about any variety of shows the SU brings to campus? You should really be getting more involved with student life, guy," Donuts suggested as he waved a pair of pom-poms and did cartwheels around the Stupid Union Building's relaxation space.

VP (External) Mansex Prude had slightly more insight into why Hatz was depressed.

"Well, think about it: there was that whole Fest for Knowledge thing that didn't go over too well; when we invited the provincial government [for the total debt of postsecondary students in Alberta] we ended up meeting with some PR girl who was younger than we were, not the premier; and the whole march to the legislature thing was more of a casual stroll," Prude said. "You'd feel like a dinkvallet too if none of your ideas ever worked."

As of press time, Hatz was refusing to comment. Instead, he raised his fist towards a Getaway reporter and slightly extended his middle finger. A single tear then rolled down his cheek.



NIGHT, NIGHT, LADIES Seriously, you ladies don't even have a receipt.

New Year's Resolutions:

- ☐ exercise more
- ☐ calm down
- ☐ breathe easier
- ☐ quit bad habits
- ☐ get more dates

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University Debate Club attempts, fails to agree on appetizer

CRAVE HAIRY
Concett Editor

Last Sunday's monthly Debate Club "Eat n' Greet" once again ended prematurely, as for the third consecutive month, attendees were unable to settle on a satisfactory appetizer.

The evening started smoothly, with members able to agree on the venue—the local Chili's Texas Grill—quite readily, and drink orders proceeded easily. Problems began to arise, however, when the group began discussing the merits of the Cactus Jack stuffed potato skins versus Chili's famous barbecue ribslet.

"If I may address my honourable opponent, I must clarify that not all persons at this table enjoy potato skins, and therefore paying the exorbitant price of \$8.95 is a waste of both time and precious financial resources," commented club treasurer Jen Praduce before taking a sip of her strawberry margarita.

"Furthermore, according to the advertisements, Chili's produces delicious babyback ribs, and thus it would be a disservice to the group in question if the house specialty was not ordered," she added.

"If I may rebut," said president Jonathan Lions, "I believe that my honourable opponent has missed something crucial. In making her suggestion, Ms Praduce has forgotten to account for the vegetarian element. Pardon the assessment, but it seems unfair to expect the consumption of meat from those who maintain a moral opposition."

"My honourable opponent raises an interesting point," replied Praduce. "However, he has failed to acknowledge that bacon bits, a meat product, are included in his preferred option, thus omitting this selection as well if a vegetarian option is to be pursued."

At this point, secretary Stephen Knudson seemed to second Praduce's ribslet motion by rhythmically saying, "I want my babyback, babyback, babyback, babyback ribs," at which point he

was reminded by moderator Graham Thomson to "follow Robert's Rules."

"The bacon bits are artificial, Jennifer," offered Lions.

"It says 'real bacon bits' right here," snapped Praduce, pointing at the upheld menu with a look Lions later described as "snotty."

Tension seemed to escalate after Lions muttered something unintelligible, at which point Knudson suggested "an appetizer platter, or, like, the 'Quesadilla Thrilla,' mispronouncing it as "kay-sa-DILL-a."

The concept of an appetizer platter seemed to appease all parties, until that pompous third-year year guy with the hair pointed out that he didn't even want an appetizer, and he wasn't "going to pay two bucks so the rest of you can eat hot wings."

Suggestions followed that they simply not make him pay for a portion of the platter, but events were complicated further when vice-president Heather Jones also pulled out of paying for the combination of Four of Your Favourite Chili's Starters.

"I was only going in on it because I thought we all were," said Jones. "I'm not going to eat the ribs or the wings due to my aforementioned vegetarianism, and frankly I feel the wide range of desserts offered would be a better choice for all of us. For instance, the Lone Star brownie is ..."

"Sorry, Heather, but that's time," interjected Thomson, looking at his watch.

Lions then raised concerns that the platter would be "too much food for four people," and suggested they "just skip the appetizer and go straight to an entrée."

Praduce agreed, noting, "Yes, it is always smarter to take the easy way out and never actually deal with anything, isn't it Jonathan?"

Lions' official response was censored by Thomson, who pointed out that "such language has no place in civilized discourse." Thomson then asked for closing remarks and the bill for the drinks, declaring, "It's been 20 minutes, and I have things to do later."



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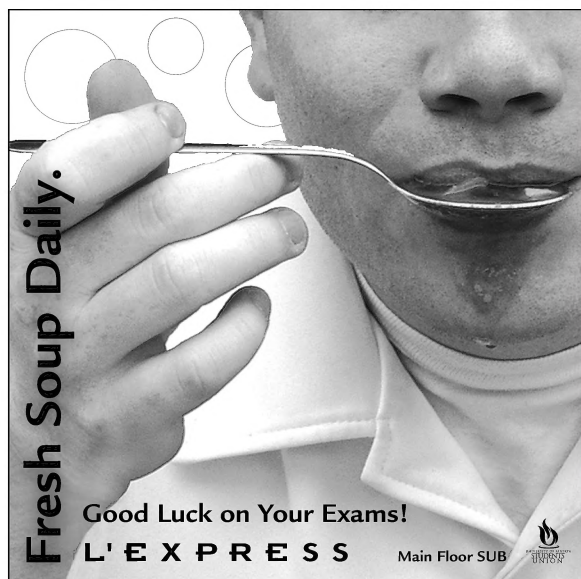



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: I HAVE TO FE

THIS FIRE IS OUT OF CONTROL I'm gonna burn this city, burn this city down.

Don't call yourself smarter than me—you're not

DIM C
POOPIN'

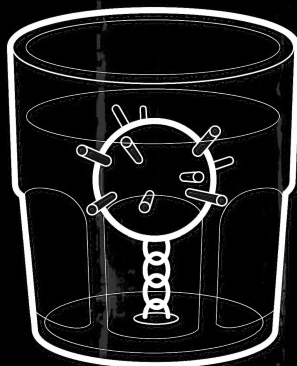
power is evidenced only by the simple fact that I am more effusive than a simplistic buffoon such as yourself would ignore my penchant for the beautiful flower that is the enlightening potential of marijuana. Though some of you less intelligent than myself may find an immediate warm, liquid sensation in your pantaloons at the mere thought of the "wacky weed," I can assure you that no less an authority than myself considers it an endowment from the gods on high that none of you should put your misplaced, foolish faith in. Yes.

**Zoltan stood frozen
for another moment,
watching—then he
looked for his mount.**

One might also point to the vertiginous forest of fallic foliage protruding from my weak, womanish torso as the source of my intellectual might. While it certainly cannot be argued that an extremely hirsute figure is necessary for an intellectual prowess as adept as a fastidious conservative at a gathering of transitory bituminous decrepitated peristaltic vasasours, it is readily apparent that it contributes to my heightened awareness of the interconnected fabric of reality surrounding us all like a dew-speckled arachnid's web glistening in the ever-present sunlight. Verily.

Obviously, though, one can never really isolate the exact reason I make each of you pitiable, ungainly phillines look like the mental equivalent of a fen-sucked dew belly. The only thing that we can truly, ontologically know, in the strict moral neo-fascist restrictions applied by haughty intellectuals such as myself, is that I truly make each and every one of you look despicably pathetic by comparison. Despicably Pathetic.

So, please, before you write in to reveal your complete and utter ignorance of everything, remember, for but a single, squalid second, that I am truly your superior. Intellectually, and generally.



Gleefully, it has come time to rake the back of your neck again. In fact, the only thing that pleases me more than partaking in just how tightly your sphincters will spasm in reception to my controversial verbiage is flaunting my vastly superior intellect to you unwashed, plebeian masses.

Perhaps you consider yourself an intellectual. Perhaps you think you have the market cornered on pompous, overblown verbal theatrics condescendingly proselytized to the pedantic proletariat. Please, I can lovingly fondle my considerable verbal phallus in a way that could make you weep like a babe freshly plucked from a mother's distended uterus.

Beyond my verbose loquaciousness, of course, is my veritable reservoir of haughty intellectual concepts. You, like many others among the foolhardy herd in our supposedly intelligent institution, simply do not have as firm a grasp on ideas as my vice-like, crushing comprehension of all there is to know. Truly, such levels of understanding have not been present on this fine planet we call Gaia since celebrated astronomer Carl Sagan composed that fine compendium of knowledge you normal individuals have termed "the encyclopedia."

The secrets of my vastly superior intellect are as varied as the alleles of a vastly non-homogenous, multi-species phylum of fastidious monocarpellary disputatious superannuation. Truly.

A betting man might attribute it to my utter refusal to even think in the monosyllabic poppycock expressed regularly by the starry-eyed purveyors of senselessness that inhabit this maliciously unkempt municipality. But that is only part. Of it.

To claim that the entirety of my exceptional, overtly noteworthy brain-

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Volleyball Bears don't tight spandex, show off their junk

Sexy men protest 'oppressive' regulations by doffing shorts, adding tassles

HANK STANKYDANK
Lady who writes about sports

The Golden Bears volleyball team was turning heads in two straight-set wins last weekend—not only with their skills on the court, but with their five-inch-long hotpants.

The boys staged a protest against what they consider "puritan" Canada West uniform regulations, sacrificing a point at the beginning of each match against the Saskatchewan Huskies by wearing hotpants and nipple tassles.

Conference rules require that players wear jerseys and loose, knee-length, unflattering bottoms, but opposition is widespread among teams. Questions have been raised as to whether this flowing material hinders movement, the level of protection it offers against floor burns when diving during games, and the level to which it obscures the ass. After Saturday's match, some Golden Bears were going so far as to label the rules "sexist."

"Why should only the girls get to be so sexy?" asked Bears power hitter Jock Davidson. "We work every bit as hard as they do, and we've got buns and thighs every bit as hard, so why can't we display our delicious, saucy hindquarters as much as they do?"

Though they're being penalized

a point in each match, Bears players insisted that they have no intention of ending their protest, and in fact suggested that they may have an advantage over the competition.

"I'm Tony Clifton. I'm doin' Dinah! Lemme in... You idiot, don't you recognize me? I'm the International Singing Sensation, Tony Clifton. I'm deeply insulted. Lemme in... I don't have to put up with this shit!"

TONY CLIFTON,
INTERNATIONAL SINGING SENSATION

"I think it gives us a real edge," said libero J-Wo. "Not only is the fabric smooth, lightweight, and flexible, which really helps when we're digging, but wearing it makes my legs look fabulous."

"Oh yeah, my legs could always look longer!" agreed right side Salad Moonies. "These little spankypants provide a combination of comfort

and fit, preventing bagging and sagging during important games. I really think it's letting us show off our whole package."

As for the advantages of nipple tassles, veteran middle Leonard Cartel explained that "they're just for fun." Bears head coach Jerry Canchylack insisted that he's 100 per cent behind his protesting players, who unanimously agreed to take the controversial action, despite the penalties that have resulted.

"I've never seen anything like it," he said. "The guys are more comfortable knowing that they can dig without pain, and it's showing Saskatchewan's the second-best team in the country; but we knew we could beat them, and we just went out and rubbed our talent, and our testicles, in their faces."

With a ten-match unbeaten streak and a hot new look, the Bears say their confidence is at unprecedented levels heading into the playoff stretch run.

"We're pretty much the hottest team in the conference," said Cartel. "With the help of these shorts, I really think we can go all the way."

The protest will continue this weekend when the Bears host the Calgary Dinos twice. Both matches sold out minutes after the spandex-clad players hit the court last weekend.



PHOTO CREDIT
YOU CANNOT DENY THE AWESOME POWER OF THE JUNK Seriously, that's just amazing. I can't turn away, and neither can you. Don't try to deny it. These Golden Bears simply have incredible packages to go along with their volleyball skills, and we should all be thankful for that.

Hockey Bears miss bus to Lethbridge, win twice

Sitting helplessly at home, team allows first three goals of the millenium

FAKE MUTTON
Spirits Editor

Despite missing their bus to Lethbridge, the Golden Bears hockey team solidified their first-place position by scoring convincing victories in both scheduled games against the Pronghorns last weekend.

The Pronghorns (0-ridiculous-0) had a six-man power play for most of both games due to their opponents' absence, but were unable to capitalize, scoring only once on Friday in a 6-1 loss, and twice in a 9-2 defeat Saturday night. The results broke a 91-game shutout streak for the Bears (obscene-0-0), but still served to further solidify their grasp on the top ranking in CIS, which the historians believe they've held since 1903.



CASSANDRA PROUSTONE
HIGHWAY TO HELL, BY WHICH I MEAN LETHBRIDGE They missed their bus!

actually made it to the arena."

Lethbridge had some success on face-offs, winning 64 per cent of the draws, but otherwise struggled throughout the weekend series, often unable to complete passes or move the puck into the Alberta zone. Their frustration began to lead them to the penalty box en masse, particularly in Saturday's game, when they took twelve penalties, mostly for unsportsmanlike conduct or too many men on the ice.

"Because we've had as much success as we've had, I think teams sometimes get a little intimidated against us, and that certainly worked to our advantage this weekend," said Bears head coach Rib Balm. "We're not entirely happy with the way the games went, but it's heartening to see that we can win even when we don't play well. Or at all."

While he admitted that he was unaware of any other team in hockey history losing to an absent opponent, Pronghorns head coach Phil Beaters insisted that there was a silver lining to his team's performance.

"Yes, the Bears obviously had a bit of bad fortune, but that's part of hockey," said Beaters. "In the end, you still have to capitalize on opportunities, and the fact is that these were the closest games we've ever had against Alberta, and that's something we can be proud of."

"If we can get over the intimidation of playing Alberta and get the kinds of breaks we got this weekend, I really believe that we could beat that team. Or at least stay within a couple goals. Then we could build off that and, in a few years, maybe even get to the point where we could challenge them even when they show up to the arena."

Football team no longer performing at cheer events

JR NAHASAPEEMAPETILON
Section Hero

Fans of tight padded pants, sweaty guys and the sound of helmet-on-helmet hits will be disappointed this year as the Golden Bears football team won't be performing at any of the Perversity of Alberta Cheer Team's competitions.

While they've appeared at cheer competitions in the past, a dispute over funding, time commitments and the tightness of their pants is keeping the Bears from continuing that practice this year. These are problems that aren't going to change, according to Bears Coach Scary Kneeson.

"There's a lot of sexism around football, and I think it hurts the sport, and on a more personal level, I think it hurts the guys on the team," said Kneeson. "But regardless, we'll go out there and give it our best. I think it's just a matter of giving 110 per cent and capitalizing on our opportunities."

Receiving funding is critical for the football team, as they claim the expenses are massive to pay for their chic uniforms and the travel to their own events. These games are major events on the football calendar and have managed to attract a cult following in recent years.

"It's embarrassing when we can't go play at the cheerleading meets because we have to sell candy door-to-door, pose in the nude or rob liquor stores just so we can buy bus tickets to travel and play another club," said Darnell Fish, who plays quarterback, one of the most important positions on a football team, for the Bears.

The absence of footballers has not gone unnoticed by the team they had been there to support, according to all-star right pom-pom Cindy Sugars.

"We all really miss the guys, because they brought a lot of energy to the competitions and made us feel more 'big league,'" said Sugars. "Plus without them on the sidelines now, all we have to look at are the thousands of cheering, screaming fans in the crowd, and though they love us, they're really not that attractive."

Asked to comment on the controversy, assistant athletics director Mickey MacTag burst into a prolonged and uncontrollable fit of laughter. After taking a time-out to compose his thoughts, he managed to provide a comment.

"Supporting a football team is the most absurd idea I've ever heard. If we start giving money to football, the next thing you know we've got 'sports' like basketball or wrestling knocking on our door," he said, using his fingers to make air quotes as he spoke. "Where would it end?"

"Football gets a bad rap and little respect, but we're legitimate athletes and we have our dignity," said Fish. "Now do you want to buy a chocolate bar and help us go take a bite out of Calgary?" The Getaway politely declined.

While they won't be appearing at any cheer events, the football team will still manage to keep busy; they often host or travel to football competitions, and in fact were good enough to place second in western Canada last season.

"Go ahead, Kaufman, put me in a headlock. Go ahead, I won't stop you."

JERRY "THE KING" LAWLER,
KING OF MEMPHIS WRESTLING

"It's really satisfying to be able to come away with two wins in circumstances like these," said Bears defenseman and captain Maren McLown, who was credited with four goals and three assists on the weekend, which he spent visiting family and getting caught up on homework. "But being scored against is never something we're happy with. It leaves us wondering what might have been had we

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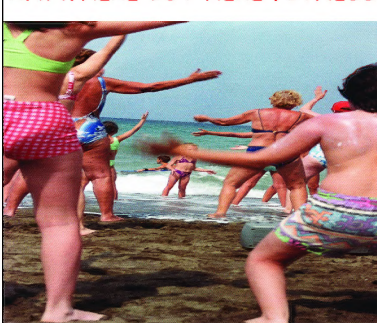
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Hockey Pandas coach goes insane

Delicious Collins-Pie may be a Canadian national team member, but she's not a Panda anymore after Homer Caper dropped the axe on half his roster

FAKE MUTTON
Panda Hater

The defending champion Pandas hockey team was decimated yesterday, only two days after stretching their record unbeaten streak to 4366 games, when late head coach Homer Caper cut half of his roster.

Caper cited "a need to shake things up" as the main reason behind his surprise axings, whose victims included once-key players such as forwards Tristin Lagg and Taryn Podonski, the second- and third-top scorers in the conference, and defenseman Chilli Chumiller, the top-scoring blueliner.

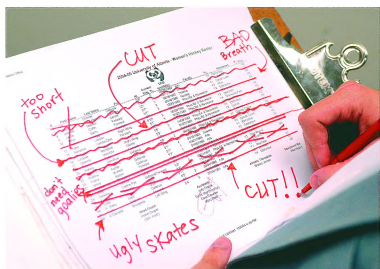
"The cuts are the easiest part of any coach's job," said Draper. "I wasn't able to cut everyone I wanted to, but I have cut a lot of people. Tarin Ford is cut. Tarinberry is cut. Ken Gemalaken, she's gone. Delicious Collins-Pie, I like her hustle. That's why it was so hard to cut her."

"When the special was complete we proudly handed it over to ABC, sat back, and waited for a time slot in the near future."

BOB ZMUDA

Caper dismissed suggestions that the roster moves might be excessive given that the team is in the midst of a decade-long winning streak.

"We can't be complacent just because we're on a bit of a hot streak," said Caper, whose team hasn't won a game by fewer than nine goals since September 1998. "We need to be at our best, and some players just weren't giving it everything they had. I needed



ME-AGAIN-BONG

BUT I LIKE HER! Homer Caper drops the axe, which looks a lot like a red pen.

to send a message to the players, and hopefully those who are still around have gotten that message."

"If they haven't, I'm fully prepared to send a stronger one," he added cryptically, refusing to elaborate.

In one of the most shocking elements of yesterday's wave of cuts, both of the Pandas' goaltenders—Andoria Thompson and Jolly Carleton—were among the players released. Caper admitted that the move was unorthodox, but suggested that he was prepared to play the rest of the season without goaltenders if necessary.

"They only have a pair of lat trucks each this season, so they just weren't pulling their weight," Caper explained. "And maybe if we don't have a goaltender back there, the remaining girls will finally start to get their act together when it comes to moving the puck out of the defensive zone."

As a result of the smaller roster, all-star forward Danielle Prokter will be expected to play 60 minutes per game for the remainder of the year, possibly

giving her a chance to improve on her current averages of eleven goals and eight assists per game.

"Some people say forwards can't play the entire game, but I've always stepped up to Homer's challenges in the past," said My Cousin Danielle, periodically looking over her shoulder. "It's no different from when we went through a rash of injuries last year, or from the time he set that orphanage on fire and I had to save all the kids."

"I know it's asking a lot of her, but I'm confident she'll be able to step up to the challenge," said Caper. "And if she doesn't, she'd better watch out, because there's no room on this team for slackers."

None of the former Pandas were available for comment at press time. Remaining Panda Lindy McAlps, who spoke on condition of anonymity, told the Getaway that she believed their unavailability may have had something to do with the arrival in Edmonton of Saskatchewan Huskies head coach Donned-a-Rayban with a giant treasure chest full of gold doubloons.

WHO WEARS SPORTS SHORTS?

We Wear Sports Shorts!

They're short sports shorts. We like sports shorts! Who wears sports shorts? We wear sports shorts!

Rugby

Members of the Pandas rugby team were spotted wandering aimlessly around campus yesterday, still in shock after their semi-final loss at October's CIS championship in Halifax. Rookie hooker Rebecca Lock was leading a group of first-year players back and forth between Quad and the Powerplant, mumbling something about being ripped off. Meanwhile, fullback Maria Gallo, who had been with the Pandas for all five of their national championships in their first five years of existence, was standing in the Main Gym, staring wistfully at a spot just to the right of the team's 2003 championship banner.

Women's Basketball

Pandas head coach Trix Baker was visibly dejected yesterday morning, two days after her team lost 79–39 to the Brandon Bobcats, when the toast she had with her breakfast "just didn't finish." The two slices of bread had gotten off to a solid start in the toasting process, but slowed down near the end and were still quite soft and only slightly brown when the toaster popped. Upon seeing the

semi-toasted bread, Baker dropped her head and sighed audibly.

She also attempted to have a bowl of Corn Pops; however, she could only shrug in frustration when a mere 33% per cent of the Pops she poured made it into the bowl. Baker's son then attempted to cheer her up by offering her a dessert of apple turnover, at which point she placed her head on the table and began to softly sob.

Hockey

On 26 November with 2:35 left in the third period, officers on the scene of a charity hockey game at Clare Drake Arena between Campus Security constables and Lister Centre residents observed suspicious behaviour among various members of the Lister team. The players were swearing around the ice, wearing masks and carrying weapons. The constables halted the game and placed numerous members of the Lister team under arrest, citing various infractions, including disorderly conduct, assaulting a peace officer, and public intoxication. When Lister players resisted and began skating away, the 5:0 bench cleared, leading to a brawl between the two teams. After 5:0 called in additional officers, the Lister team was eventually subdued and trespassed from the ice. Several team members are facing charges under the Code of Student Behaviour.

Also with 2:35 left in the period on 26 November, the Clare Drake Arena announcer called to report that the Lister team had scored to take a 3–2 lead in the game. Campus Security is

investigating, but believes that the two incidents are unrelated.

Butter = Bad

The Perversity of Old Bertha athletics department announced yesterday that, thanks to a retooling of the Butterdome's recipe, the facility will soon have 50 per cent less trans fat.

With the help of a \$12.4 million dollar federal grant, officials said, the new recipe will allow the building to retain its characteristic colour, texture and odour, but with approximately 75 billion fewer grams of trans fats. Officials expressed hope that the move would help cut back on the increasing number of heart attacks among athletes at the Perversity.

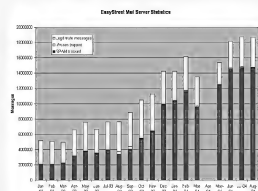
As of press time, the Perversity had not made a decision as to whether to change the building's name to reflect its new, healthier status. If the name is to be changed, "Margarineadome" (considered the most likely choice for a new moniker, with "Bananaadome" and "Bigbirdadome" also possibilities, "Urinedome" and "Jaundicedome," despite proving popular in an unofficial Getaway poll, were rejected as options.

Swimming

The Golden Bears and Pandas will apparently send some swimmers to a tournament somewhere in eastern Canada this weekend. No one bothered to tell the Getaway who's going, or exactly where or what the meet is, but we're mentioning it anyway since we have a few lines to fill.

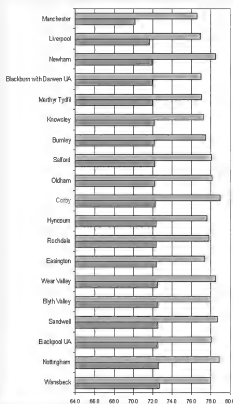
STATISTAMATISTICS

Internet Traffic



Life Expectancy

Average life expectancy in England, by region and gender



Wholesale Price Index

Selected Industries

TABLE 2. WHOLESALE PRICE INDEX NUMBERS (1990=100)

Industry	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000
All industries	100.0	101.5	103.0	104.5	106.0	107.5	109.0	110.5	112.0	113.5	115.0
Food	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Textiles	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Chemicals	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Metals	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Non-metallic minerals	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Transport equipment	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Capital goods	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Consumer services	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Government services	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Health services	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Education services	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Recreation services	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0
Other services	100.0	101.0	102.0	103.0	104.0	105.0	106.0	107.0	108.0	109.0	110.0

Sleep Time

Quantifying the accuracy of sleep

Mean Values:

Requested Time	Zero	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
0	0.014	1.056	18.777	183.95	107.29	113.03
1	4.464	7.363	13.944	20.860	22.654	38.434
2	4.784	7.768	14.835	19.763	25.937	32.725
4	5.260	13.130	18.119	21.260	23.739	38.970
6	9.484	13.032	16.329	30.164	28.658	35.020
10	12.438	19.030	30.106	27.151	48.272	41.086
20	20.834	26.134	32.700	41.116	44.969	54.095
40	41.130	48.863	51.086	57.632	54.985	54.702
60	80.622	69.015	73.200	72.813	70.531	78.562
100	100.575	108.066	110.702	109.005	117.568	111.680
200	202.403	206.365	212.414	237.064	222.308	204.970
400	400.711	407.763	427.555	418.664	413.045	407.376
800	800.712	805.119	812.823	804.111	804.012	814.420
1000	1000.035	1007.770	1008.860	1005.210	1004.612	1004.923

Standard Deviations:

Requested Time	Zero	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
0	0.001	45.000	48.101	42.645	44.985	46.778
1	1.514	1.025	16.334	27.720	15.537	16.835
2	1.305	12.868	20.025	10.481	39.005	39.843
4	1.240	15.548	11.573	13.612	19.403	22.932
6	1.003	14.317	4.900	41.990	31.452	21.400
10	3.618	16.608	8.939	9.272	26.980	32.306
20	1.845	22.055	8.720	23.000	25.734	35.649
40	2.178	4.306	5.881	8.834	45.989	51.047
60	1.633	20.977	15.213	18.175	16.262	16.616
100	1.973	17.131	17.919	16.460	18.771	16.796
200	2.553	16.254	12.500	16.788	20.368	17.370
400	2.676	19.820	9.546	20.039	19.351	25.529
600	1.863	10.316	21.851	10.603	18.868	22.789
1000	1.387	13.536	16.506	7.860	15.758	17.345



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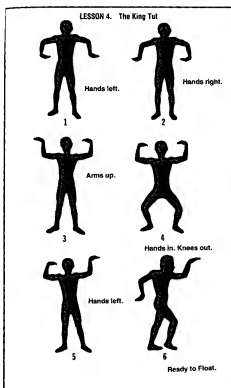
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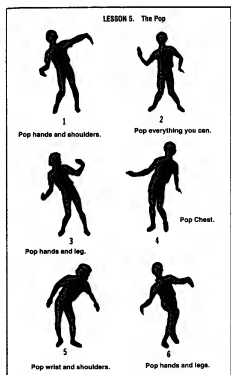
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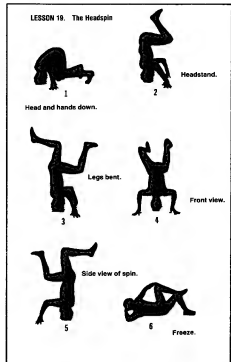
The King Tut



The Pop



The Headspin



Hotel, motel, Holiday Inn!

Circumcize Me makes the cut

"Cockumentary" proves yet again that the pen is mightier than the sword—er, scalpel. Filler!!!!!!

Circumcize Me

Directed by Organ Skinnock
Starring Organ Skinnock and
Rabbi Richard Briski
Now Playing

CHIA "PET" COFFINS
VP (Tards & After Dinner Mints)

Why are Americans so interested in cock? Two words: foreskin. Okay, that's just one word, sort of compounded together so that it sounds like two words. But yeah, there's still a point to be had here. Like, what would happen if you happened to cut off your foreskin? Well, um, that would be called circumcision. But what if you were to happen to cut off that foreskin over the course of an entire movie? In his documentary *Circumcize Me*, first-time filmmaker Organ Skinnock does just that, embarking on what is the most perilously asshat-stupid journey of his young life.

"I took it all for granted, but how was I to know that you'd be letting go. Now it cuts like a knife, but it feels alright. It cuts like a knife, but it feels alright. Nah nah nah nah nah naaaah nah nah ooh ooh."

Documenting the blood continually issuing from his opened scab-encrusted pants over an excruciating 30 days, *Circumcize Me* follows Skinnock as he treks across the US interviewing a variety of experts, all the while having his foreskin very slowly sliced through with a big shiny knife. In between the eye-opening interviews and Skinnock's own extended shrieks and wails of pain, the film is a physical and emotional metamorphosis that will make you think twice about putting incredibly sharp metal things through your nerve-dense fleshy bits.

Skinnock's poor girlfriend agrees to stand with him through the ordeal only because,



STEVEN SPIELBERG

THAT IS DEFINITELY NOT AN OVERSIZED CITRUS FRUIT Squeee

when the documentarian describes the project to her through a stuffed-up nose, she hears *Circumcize Me*. The Canadian lass grew up watching National Film Board documentaries, which may explain why she thinks drawing a circle around a guy is a fine idea for a movie. Skinnock's subsequent dick-bleeding adventures are consequently a bit of a surprise, but her screaming fits as the filmmaker stains the bed-sheets red do lead to a shift in the menstruation paradigm.

Skinnock is accompanied on his great experiment by mohel Rabbi Briski—a salty vet of the profession who becomes Skinnock's shoulder to bleed on during the course of the circumcision, coaching Skinnock's genitalia to make it through the ordeal by teaching him helpful tricks of the trade such as how to trap the blood in his lower extremities by clenching his ass.

But even with Briski's crotchety wisdom, Skinnock finds the ordeal, well, about as painful as having your dick being slowly cut with a scalpel. In one heartwarming scene, Skinnock caves in to the pain and endless bloodshed, and breaks down in a hail of vomit and the usual dick-bleed in the parking lot of his family doctor. Mind you, this emotionally revealing sequence occurs

maybe two minutes in, setting the pattern for the rest of the film.

Somewhere in among the cutting and the screaming and the bleeding, Skinnock manages to check in with some real live medical experts—to check up on his slowly worsening condition and to provide commentary on the American fascination with the deodorified member. By day 14 of his bet, Skinnock's doctor discovers that not only has Skinnock's penis been horribly mutilated—and it's possibly at risk of gangrene—but that he's gained 50 pounds, sweats cola oil and his liver has been turned to human foie gras.

The discovery is perhaps the most revealing example of the unforeseen physical dangers of protracted penile modification—well, outside of that scene where Skinnock tries, in a suicidal fit, to wrestle the scalpel from Briski's skilled hands and towards his trembling wrists.

At three hours, the director's cut of this film is quite a bit longer than Skinnock's bleeding member, but the eye-opening nature of his phallic modification makes it breezy by like a sharpened scalpel across the glans penis. It's a poignant emotional journey that's sure to leave you crying like a baby. A baby that just had part of its dick arbitrarily snipped off.

I want to have your GAP babies

Midget Bones' Diary 2: The Quickenin

Directed by Cecil B DeMille
Starring Rainy Bdwetter, Colon Bith and Huge Pants
Now Playing

UREA STALINS
Junior Vice-President

Entering Silver City for the press screening of *Midget Bones' Diary 2: The Quickenin* this past Wednesday afternoon, two things were immediately apparent: first, regardless of sex, creed, or party size, Midget Bones fans love their fully-figured heroine's romanticism; second, the overpriced popcorn they were hocking at the concession stand is totally too salty, and it will probably make me gain, like, at least a pound.

Oh! I totally forgot to tell you about what happened on the way to the theatre! Anyway, so I was on the number four bus trying to get to the movie with Brian. We've been seeing each other for a few weeks now, on and off. He's pretty cute—big green eyes, curly brown hair, as that won't quit—and I think he's really into me, too. Fingers crossed he'll ask me to the floor formal this winter!

So we thought we were definitely—like definitely—going to miss the movie, and then we (Brian and me—he's really hot) totally made it

to the movie on time after all—and even had enough time to watch the dragon show (fuck, that robot dragon is radder than monogrammed purses. Ooh! I need to buy one of those—maybe I'll get Brian to buy me one for our two-month anniversary) and to get the popcorn and shit.

The guy you like thinks of you as a "sister." How do you get him to think of you differently?
(A) Start dressing the way you think he'd like. (B) Send him a note telling him how you feel.
(C) Wait and hope he notices you.

Dude, that stuff is expensive—it's a good thing the review ticket was free. Of course, it's not like I actually paid for the popcorn; Brian bought it. What a sweetie bear. One day I'm going to hump him.

Oh yeah, there was a lot of lumping in the movie. We—Brian and I—really liked those parts. Brian also liked the part where Midget is, like, embarrassed about something and then her boyfriend is like "Don't be embarrassed, Midget, I love you no matter how swollen your bottom is." (They were totally British, so they

totally actually said bottom instead of ass!) That's really sensitive of him. I wonder if he'll buy me a corsage for the floor formal—we're going to the Moose Factory, you know, that really glamorous place near the industrial park. I hear they have, like, good strok, but I should probably just have salad or something—I like, barely fit into my grad dress AS!

Brian had a lot of things to say about the movie, like how he thought it really sucked, but that the chick who played Midget was really hot for a fat ho (he's soooooo understanding—I know he'd still think I was hot if I was fat).

He had a lot of really cool stuff to say about the movie so I'm going to try and get his name in the paper, too. You know, maybe with like a funny little nickname like B-Dawg. That would be really really really really awesome.

I could be all like, "Hey, Brian, did you see your name in the paper? Wasn't that cool? Yeah, it was a shame that the movie was kinda lame (even though I actually kind of liked it, especially Rainy Bdwetter, she's such a good actress—I'll bet she gets another Oscar), but, like, do you want to go see another one? You do? Yeah, that's cool. Yes I WILL GO WITH YOU TO FLOOR FORMAL! AHIIIIHHHH! I'VE BEEN, LIKE, WAITING FOREVER FOR YOU TO ASK!"

Oh, except, like, maybe I shouldn't say that, because then I might sound desperate—like Midget did. You know what? It wasn't that good a movie—she was totally just a fat, whiny bitch.

WTF?!! Journey battles Spinal Tap in a useless printed wankfest

Journey = my daddy



MAIMS
GORY

Pizzoint

Simply no doubt remains: Journey is the greatest band to rock God's green Earth. Overlooking for a moment the ruinous trash that is the work of Johnny-come-lately Steve Perry, Journey has never led true music fans astray. Never.

The songwriting on the eponymous *Journey* and the peerless *Look Into The Future* has yet to be matched: Schon and Rolfe are and will ever be the great geniuses of modern rock. I'm Gonna Leave You packs more experimentation and innovation into eight minutes than Mozart could pack—even with some sort of specially designed medieval innovation-press—into an entire symphony.

Six, REO Speedwagon, ha! Every band to follow in the holy footsteps of these great pioneers are mere shadows. Even Journey themselves became shadows when that talented hack, Perry, took over. Clearly only Shaved Fairy could ever be audacious enough to argue against the infinite genius of history's greatest musicians: Shaved Fairy, the man who argued against cheerleading, useful classes and the existence of the Holocaust. You do your damndest, Fairy. I dare you.

My dad is prettier than your dad



SHAVED
FAIRY

Cizzounterizzoint

Maims, I'd say it's time you pulled your foppish head out of your foppish ass and came to realize the truth. Forget Journey. Hell, screw those uppity Rolling Stones and those over-hyped Beatles. Spinal Tap was the greatest rock band. Ever.

How many drummers did Journey have? Like, three? The Tap threw down with damn near 20 drummers over their career. But the drummers aren't important; it's the three big guns that kept the Tap alive. Of course, I'm referring to Sir Nigel Tufnel, David St. Moritz and the man himself, Derek Smalls. Did Journey's guitarist ever pull a guitar solo where he played two guitars (one with his feet, you whiny suburban tit!) and a violin? Could they pen a song as brilliant and subtle as "Sex Farm"? Fuck no they couldn't, asshole.

Look, Gory, maybe in the deep dark canals of Lister where you live, Journey passes as some kind of excuse for real music, but when you step out into the real world, you need a real rock band, and nobody rocks like Spinal Tap. I mean, after all, did Journey ever go to eleven? Because that's one louder.



We hump blasphemy, video games and your mom

MAN LASER & SNOT E PROLETARIAT
Heretics

Over the last month or so there has been an influx of hype surrounding the release of *Halo 2*. Some of the reports have made the product out to be more than just a videogame, more than just an event, but a transcendental experience. After playing the game it's clear that the gaming journalists are cheats and liars. *Halo 2* isn't just amazing; it's clearly the work of a higher power. *Halo 2* is simply the most awesome thing ever made. In fact, it's so very awe-inspiring that it could not have been made by the hand of man. It is clear, therefore, that *Halo 2* was made by God himself.

In fact, this writer might venture to say that it is actually God himself—brought to earth, rendered in diskette form. 'Cause, like, the Master Chief of the heavens realizes that his divine and omnipotent might will not be spread through such anachronistic forms of communication as, say, the Bible or Jesus. "Let there be *Halo 2*," God spoke, and it was good. Better than the Bible and Jesus combined, in fact, and with beautifully rendered graphics.

So really, there's no way denying His—the Master Chief's—righteousness. Fall on bended knee to His lesson of divine wrath. Royally ass-kick those old school Christians like "turn the other cheek" and "the meek shall inherit." The only thing the meek are inheriting now is the butt-end of a plasma rifle as it bounces off their teeth. Booya, amen!

And testify my space-weapon toting brothers. Yea, there will be heathens among ye who will think that *Halo 2* dost not speaketh the Word of God. And further yea, they shall be smooth like the lowly Covenant grunts that they are.

Mobilize now, brothers, and spread the holy Gospel of the Chief. Join with the ranks of the converted—the geeks and the frat boys—to bring the misguided elderly and Xbox-less into the shining fold. And if their tiny brains cannot be moved by the Reason of the Lord thy Chief, they will certainly be moved to His ways by a blast from His divine boomstick.

And do not falter to temptation, the siren call of any other than the almighty Chief. "Females," as they are called, may claim to shun the Chief's mysterious ways, openly hostile to His ways and the hours we brothers must dedicate to His divine teachings. Approach these jehads as one approaches an asp in the brush. Many of your brothers have been turned from the Lord Chief's primrose path by their most tempting temptings.

So in conclusion, *Halo 2* is probably worth a rental.



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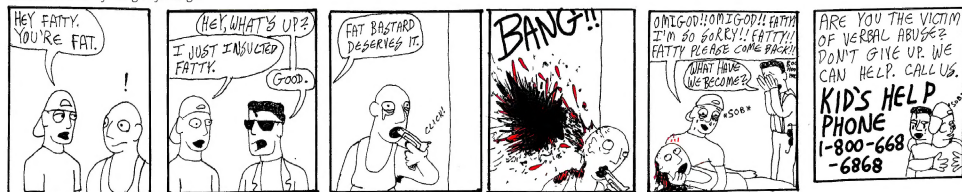
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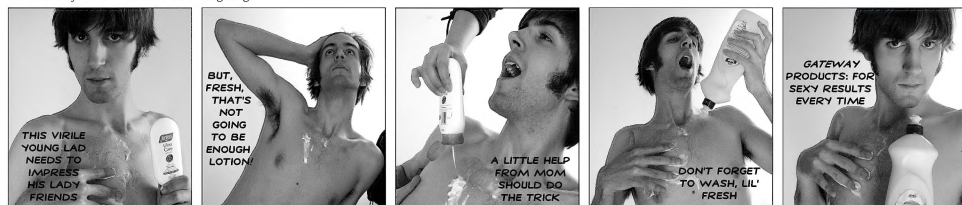
ANNAL by Beggin' Bimbo



READING THIS COMIC IS LIKE PURGATORY by Philadelphia and Mommy Dead



SO SEXY! by Batman Frozentard and Peeling Fonger



I'M STILL DESPERATE FOR COMICS by One sad damn opinion editor



